

# HEART of the SUNSET at REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Iron Trail,"  
"The Silver Horde," Etc.

## CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

"So! Let us go outside and learn more about this," Longorio waved his men before him, and followed them out of the room and down the hall and into the night.

When a moment or two had dragged past, Dolores quavered. "What are they going to do with him?"

"I don't know. Anyhow, you need not fear."

There sounded the report of a gunshot, deadened indeed by the thick adobe walls of the house, yet sudden and loud enough to startle the women.

When Longorio reappeared, he found Alaire standing stiff and white against the wall, with Dolores kneeling, her face still buried in her mistress's gown.

"Give yourself no concern," he told them, quickly. "I beg a thousand pardons for Felipe. Henceforth no one will molest you."

"Was that a shot?" Alaire inquired faintly.

"Yes. It is all settled."

"You killed him?"

The general nodded. "Purely for the sake of discipline—one has to be firm. Now your woman is badly frightened. Send her away so that we may reach an understanding."

"Oh—h! This is frightful," Alaire gasped. "I can't talk to you. Go—let me go."

The man pondered for an instant. "Perhaps that would be better," he agreed reluctantly. "For I see you, too, are unstrung. Very well! My affairs will have to wait. Take a few hours to think over what I have told you. When you have slept you will feel differently about me. You will meet me with a smile, eh?" He beamed hopefully.

"Sleep? You expect me to sleep?"

"Please," he begged. "Beauty is like a delicate flower, and sleep is the dew that freshens it. Believe me you can rest in all security, for no one can come or go without my consent. You are cruel to postpone my delight; nevertheless, I yield to your feelings. But, star of my life, I shall dream of you, and of that little priest who waits with the key to Paradise in his hands."

He bowed over Alaire's cold fingers, then stood erect until she and Dolores had gone.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The Priest From Monclova.

That was a night of terror for the women. Although Longorio's discipline was in some ways strict, in others it was extremely lax. From some quarter his men had secured a supply of mescal, and, forgetful of Felipe's unhappy fate, they rendered the hours hideous. There were singing and quarreling, and a shot or two sounded from the direction of the outbuildings. Morning found both Alaire and Dolores sadly overwrought. But they felt some relief upon learning that the general had been unexpectedly summoned from his bed at daylight, and had ridden to the telegraph office.

Profiting by his absence, Alaire ventured from her room, racking her brain to devise some means of escape. But soldiers were everywhere; they loitered about the servants' quarters; they dozed in the shade of the ranch buildings, recovering from the night's debauch; and an armed sentinel who paced the hacienda road gave evidence that, despite their apparent carelessness, they had by no means relaxed their vigilance. A round of the premises convinced Alaire that the place was actually guarded, and showed her the futility of trying to slip away. She realized, too, that even if she managed to do so, her plight would be little better. For how could she hope to cover the hundred miles between La Feria and the Rio Grande when every peon was an enemy?

She was standing in one of the open, sashless windows when her former protector, the old lieutenant, bade her good morning and paused to smoke a cigarette.

"Well, it was a great night, wasn't it?" he began. "And we have great news this morning. We are going to fight you gringos."

"I hope not."

"Yes, it will probably go hard with you. Tell me, this city of Washington is a fine city, and very rich, is it not?"

"Oh, yes."

"It's full of loot, eh? Especially the president's palace? That is good. One can never believe all one hears."

"Why do you ask?" Alaire was curious.

"I was thinking it would pay us to go there. If your soldiers march upon Mexico City, it would be a brilliant piece of strategy for General Longorio to invade the United States, would it not? It would be funny to capture Washington and hold your president for ransom, eh?"

"Very funny," Alaire agreed dryly. "How would you go about it?"

Pancho shrugged. "That is the trouble. We would have to march around Texas, I presume."

"Around Texas?"

"Yes. You see, Texas is a bad country; it is full of barbarians who know how to fight. If it were not for Texas, we would have the United States at our mercy." After some consideration, he ventured this opinion: "We could afford to pay the Texans for allowing us to ride through their country, provided we stole nothing and paid for the cattle we ate. Well, Longorio is a great one for schemes; he is talking over the telegraph with somebody at this moment. Perhaps it is the president of Texas."



At such an hour her thoughts naturally turned to Dave Law, and she found herself yearning for him with a yearning utterly new. His love had supported her through those miserable days at Las Palmas, but now it was a torture; she called his name wildly, passionately. He knew her whereabouts and her peril—why did he not come? Then, more calmly, she asked herself what he, or what anyone, could do for her. How could she look for succor when two nations were at war?

Night had come before she finally gave up and acknowledged the hopelessness of her situation. She had fought bravely, but with darkness her fears grew blacker. She was on the verge of her first breakdown, when, in the early dusk outside, she heard voices and the stamping of horses' hoofs. The sounds were muffled by the heavy wooden shutters she had taken pains to close and bar, but they told her Longorio had returned. Since it was futile to deny him entrance, she waited where she was. Old Pancho's voice sounded outside; then there came a knock upon the door of the room in which she stood.

"Come in," she said tensely.

The lieutenant thrust his head in, and, removing his hat, announced, "There is someone here to see General Longorio on important business. He says you will do."

"I." "Yes. He says he is one of us—"

Pancho was pushed aside, the door was swung back, and a man strode swiftly into the lamplight. He paused, blinking as if momentarily blinded, and Alaire clutched at the nearest chair for support. A roaring began in her ears; she felt herself sway forward as if the strength had left her knees. She heard Dave's voice faintly; he was saying:

"Take care of my horse. Feed and water her well. Understand? When General Longorio comes tell him I am waiting here."

As if in a dream, Alaire saw the Mexican go out, closing the door behind him. Then she saw Dave come toward her, heard him speak her name, felt his arms around her.

Alaire did not swoon, but she never could remember very distinctly those first few moments. Scarcely knowing what she did, she found herself clinging to her lover, laughing, weeping, feeling him over with shaking hands that would not be convinced of his

reality. She was aware of his kisses upon her lips, her eyes, her hair; he was saying something which she could not understand because of that roaring in her ears.

"You heard me calling," she told him at last. "Oh, I was so frightened!"

She clung closer to him. After a time she discovered that she was mechanically nodding and shaking her head at the questions he was putting to her, but had only the vaguest idea what they were. By and by she began to tell him about Longorio, speaking in a sort of hypnotic murmur, as if her words issued at his mental suggestion. And all the time she snuggled against his breast.

"Dearest!" Dave held her away in gentle hands. "I was afraid you'd go to pieces like this, but I had to break through the best way I could. I learned you were here and something about what was going on from the people at the next ranch. But I expected to find him here, too."

"How did you manage to get here?"

"I hardly know. I just wouldn't let 'em stop me. This lieutenant wouldn't let me in until I told him I was from Monterey with important news. I don't remember all I did tell him. I tried to get here last night, but I had trouble. They caught me, and I had to buy my way through. I've bribed and bullied and lied clear from Romero. I reckon they couldn't imagine I'd risk being here if I wasn't a friend."

It was more Dave's tone than his words that roused Alaire to an appreciation of what he said.

"Are you alone?" she asked, in vague dismay. "Then what are we going to do?"

"I don't know yet. My plans ended here."

"Dave! You rode in just to find me! Just to be with me?"

"Yes. And to get him." Alaire saw his face twitch, and realized that it was very haggard, very old and tired.

"They lifted my guns—a bunch of fellows at the Rio Negro crossing. Some of them were drunk and wouldn't believe I was an amigo. So I finally had to ride for it."

"Can't you take me away?" she asked, faintly. "What will you do when—how comes?"

"I reckon I'll manage him somehow." His grip upon her tightened painfully, and she could feel him tremble. "I was afraid I wouldn't find you. I—O God, Alaire! He buried his face in her hair."

"I had at terrible scene with him last night. He insists upon marrying me. I—I was hoping you'd come."

"How could I, when nobody knew where you were?"

"Didn't you know? I wrote you. He shook his head. 'Then how did you learn?'"

"From Jose. I caught him within an

hour of the murder, and made him tell me everything."

Alaire's eyes dilated; she held herself away, saying, breathlessly: "Murder! Is that what it was? He—Longorio—told me something quite different."

"Naturally. It was he who hired Jose to do the shooting."

"Oh—h!" Alaire hid her face in her hands. She looked up again quickly, however, and her cheeks were white. "Then he won't spare you, Dave?" She choked for an instant. "We must get away before he comes. There must be some way of escape. Think!"

"I'm pretty tired to think, I'm pretty near played out," he confessed.

"They're watching me, but they'd let you go."

"Now that I'm here I'm going to stay until—"

She interrupted, crying his name loudly, "Dave!"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Wait! Let me think." She closed her eyes; her brows drew together as if in the labor of concentration. When she lifted her lids her eyes were alight, her voice was eager. "I know how. I see it. He won't dare—But you must do what I tell you."

"Of course."

"No questions. Understand?"

When he nodded impatiently she ran to the door and, flinging it open, called down the hall:

"Father! Father O'Malley! Quick!"

Then she summoned Dolores. The priest answered; he hurried from his room and, with a dazed lack of comprehension, acknowledged his swift introduction to Dave. Alaire was keenly alive and vibrant with purpose now. Dolores, too, came running, and while the men were exchanging greetings her mistress murmured something in her ear, then hastened her departure with a quick push. Turning upon the others, Alaire explained:

"I've sent for some of the women, and they'll be here in a minute. Father, this man has come for me. He loves me. Will you marry us before Longorio arrives?"

"Alaire!" Dave exclaimed. She stilled him with a gesture. "Quick! Will you?"

Father O'Malley was bewildered. "I don't understand," he expostulated. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

NO EXCUSE FOR ANY WASTE

Uneaten Cereal and Stale Bread May Be Used to Advantage by Housewife, Say Experts.

Do you know— That every bit of uneaten cereal can be used to thicken soups, stews or gravies?

That stale bread can be used as the basis for many attractive meat dishes, hot breads and desserts?

That every ounce of skim milk or whole milk contains valuable nourishment?

Government food experts are asking these questions of all housewives. Use every drop of milk to drink or to add nourishment to cereals, soups, stews and other foods, they urge. If you do not want milk to sour, keep it cool, clean and covered continually. Remember, too, that sour milk, buttermilk and sour cream are valuable in cooking, so do not waste any. Sour milk and buttermilk can be used with soda in making hot breads, or sour milk can be turned easily into cottage cheese, cream cheese, or clabber. Sour cream is a good shortening in making cakes and cookies and useful for salad dressing and gravies for meat.

A Clever Burro. A friend tells us the following about Rowdy, a burro he bought as a foal in Colorado and brought home to Massachusetts for his children: "Rowdy is now an aged pensioner, but he has been as clever a little pet and servant as one could wish. His friendship for the family cow has been one of the distinguishing features of his career. They used to stand side by side in the stable, and in the pasture would actually play tag. The cow began years ago with her rough tongue to lick Rowdy's face. When he attempted to reciprocate the courtesy, his smooth tongue made no impression. This then is what we have seen him do a hundred times: He would find a small stick, take it in his teeth, and scratch the cow all about the eyes, and ears and horns." Can anyone call this instinct? Was such an idea tucked away in Rowdy's brain when he was born, a part of his inheritance from generations of ancestral burros? That would seem out of the question. We are inclined to think that Rowdy thought out the stick idea for himself. —Our Dumb Animals.

Magnetic Pole Moves Pendulumwise. The magnetic pole does not, as has generally been believed, move in a circle around the geographic pole, but oscillates exclusively on the Pacific ocean side. This has just been proved by Emile Belot, who has presented to the French Academie des Sciences a curve representing the motion of the magnetic pole since the year 1541.

The motion of the magnetic pole is almost a spiral, but its speed varies. From 1550 to 1765 it averaged 12 kilometers a year. For the last 100 years it has averaged only 8 kilometers a year. M. Belot likens it to the oscillation of a pendulum, which slows up as it approaches the ends of its swing. The period of its swing is about 800 years.

Witness—He looked me straight in the eye and—

Witness—There, sir, you're flatly contradicted your former statement.

Witness—How so?

"You said before that he bent his gaze on you. Will you please explain how he could look you straight in the eye with a bent gaze?"

Witness collapses.

Economy. "I don't see Pete around here any more," remarked the traveling salesman.

"No," replied Broncho Bob. "The leadin' citizens all clipped in an' bought him a railroad ticket."

"Not altogether." We figured that the railroad ticket was cheaper than a tombstone.

## GIRL OF 14 SOLDIER'S WIFE

While Her Husband Fights in France Young Bride Will Go to School in This Country.

A fourteen-year-old schoolgirl became a soldier's wife in Brooklyn recently, thus following the example of her mother, who became the bride of one of Uncle Sam's men in khaki 14 months ago.

Mattie Lee Hudsabeth of Douglas, Ariz., was the latest bride, says the Brooklyn Eagle. The soldier boy who became her husband is David Eugene Henry of Spring, Tex. The bridegroom is only twenty-two, and a member of the Twenty-second infantry, now stationed at Fort Hamilton.

The girl's stepfather went abroad with General Pershing, and is now "somewhere in France." His wife planned to join him and come East. While waiting passports here her daughter met Henry, with whom she became acquainted in Arizona, two years ago.

While the bride's mother is absent in France her daughter will remain here and attend school.

## The Politest Man.

Vice President Marshall declares that the politest man lives in Newark, Ohio. Mr. Marshall made a campaign speech there last fall. When he was about half through, a man made his way quietly from the rear of the room up to the edge of the platform, waited until Mr. Marshall paused to swallow, at the end of the paragraph, and then offered to shake hands with the vice president.

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to bid you good night," the man said. "I've got to go home now."—F. C. Kelly, in Collier's Weekly.

## SKIN TORTURES

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Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## Doris' Idea.

Doris' father raised chickens, and Doris understood all about setting hens. One day she was taken to see the new litter of puppies. They were curly black balls cuddled down beside a smooth tan mother.

"Are those really Emmy Lou's puppies?" Doris asked.

"Yes, dear," she was told.

"Well, then," she remarked in a disgusted tone, "she couldn't have sat on her own eggs."

## Now She's Angry.

He—I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and the maiden are in a tender attitude. She—Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him. How sweet! What does the artist call the picture?

He (looking about)—Oh, I see. It's written on a card at the bottom—"Sold."

## Embarrassed.

"You ought to have seen Gladys in her stunning bathing suit."

"I thought I ought not to."

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Its Advantage. "Beauty is but skin deep."

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# WRIGLEY'S

The goody that is beneficial to teeth and stomach is best for children.

Wrigley's is

## Helpful

to all ages. It massages and strengthens the gums, keeps teeth clean and breath sweet, aids appetite and digestion.

## The Flavor Lasts



Knew Father's Weakness. Johnny B., who has seen eight summers go by, not very long ago developed a fondness for playing "hooky" from school. After two or three offenses of this kind he was taken to task by his teacher.

"Johnny," she said, "the next time you are absent I want you to bring me an excuse from your father telling me why you were not here."

"I don't want to bring any excuse from father," protested the boy.

"Why not?" asked the teacher, her suspicion plain.

"Cause father isn't any good at making excuses. Mother finds him out every time."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Once Was Enough. "My wife never rouses me up to cut the grass before breakfast."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; she tried it once, and I was so sleepy that I ran the lawn mower all over her flower beds."

Some young men would get along better if they had less point to their shoes and a little more to their conversation.

Couldn't Do It. Short—Say, old man, can you lend me ten dollars?

Longley—Impossible. I've tried to lend you money several times, but you always seem to look upon it as a gift.

A factory in which radium is being produced has been opened in Scotland by a Scotch chemist.

Through a man's tongue we get a glimpse of his brain—or lack thereof.

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What Did He Mean? Mulford—Your wife used to sing and play a great deal. I have not heard her lately.

Stillford—Since we have had children she has had no time.

Mulford—Ah, children are such a blessing!—Everybody's Magazine.

Queensland has 15 technical colleges, which are attended by about 8,000 students.

An Iowa inventor's scarecrow contains mechanism that makes it emit loud bellows at intervals.

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